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Renan's Drama of Caliban.

The revival of "The Tempest" by Mr. Daly's players recalls a work by Ernest Renan, but little known, which was given to the English-speaking public last year by the Shakspeare Society of New York. It is entitled "Caliban, a Philosophical Drama Continuing 'The Tempest' of William Shakspeare," and is in five acts. It was translated by Eleanor Grant Vickery, the wife of a Cleveland lawyer, who is himself an earnest Shakspearian scholar, and is an interesting study of the manner in which one of the most brilliant of modern Frenchmen could employ the characters of the great dramatist in combinations especially adapted to the ideas of our own times.

Renan wrote his play some twenty years ago. In the preface he boldly stated that the three profoundest creations of Shakspeare's entire dramas are Prospero, Duke of Milan, unknown to all historians, Caliban, a brute almost impossible of refinement, yet gradually developing into manhood, and Ariel, an ethereal being, symbolizing pure ideality. He asked the reader to kindly see in his play an idealist's fancy sketch, not a theory; a simple phantasy of the imagination, not a political thesis.

He assumes, as the basis of his drama, that after the tempest Prospero, having vanquished all his enemies by his magic art, is once more established upon his throne of Milan. The Duke has brought with him his aerial messenger Ariel, his slave Caliban, with Trinculo his fool, and his wise old counsellor Gonzalo. Prospero is more intent on helping nature to express itself than on governing his dukedom. He does not discern the clouds lowering on the political horizon, nor hear the mutterings of his people. All the people need is a leader. Caliban, actuated by his fierce hatred for Prospero, helps to stir up strife, drawing attention so adroitly to himself that he becomes their leader. Revolution follows; the Duke is deposed and Caliban is carried in triumph on the shoulders of the multitude and placed on the throne of Prospero. The latter is meanwhile absorbed in his books, heedless of what is passing. When news of his deposition and of Caliban's elevation is brought, he calls Ariel and bids him summon all his spirits against the rebels, so that the wonders performed in the island shall sink into insignificance. But the conditions are different and Prospero's art fails. What was effective in the island over the king and nobles is powerless against the people. Ariel sorrowfully confesses his failure to Prospero. "Oh! my master, our art has vanished. It is impossible to prevail against the people."

Prospero takes the whole matter philosophically. "What thou sayest is so marvellous that the knowledge thereof is worth a lost throne." He surrenders everything, only reserving the right to laugh, for he must laugh at the absurdity of Caliban, the brute, succeeding Prospero, the peer, as Duke of Milan. In the end Ariel returns to the elements whence Prospero called him, and as the delicate spirit disappears, the poor, throneless duke falls dead.

The Shakespeare Society of New York

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To promote the knowledge and study of the Works of Wm. Shakespeare, and the Shakespearean and Elizabethan Drama

In Executive Committee—June 15th, 1885.

Resolved, That in order that the papers printed under authority of this Society may be of the highest character, and of value from all standpoints, the Society does not stand pledged as responsible for the opinions expressed or conclusions arrived at in the said papers, but considers itself only responsible in so far as it certifies by its Imprimatur that it considers them as original contributions to Shakespearean study, and as showing upon their face care, labor and research.

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CALIBAN

A Philosophical Drama Continuing "The Tempest" of William Shakespeare.

Translated from the French of

ERNEST RÉNAN,

Member of The French Institute.

By

ELEANOR GRANT VICKERY,

With an Introduction By

WILLIS VICKERY, LL.B., (Boston University)

A Member of The Shakespeare Society of New York.

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INTRODUCTION.

"The Tempest" was first given to the public in the folio edition issued by Heninge and Condell, in 1623, occupying the first nineteen pages of the volume. It was written about 1611, and was, so far as can be conjectured or inferred, the last of Shakespeare's dramas.

All authorities agree that it was among the last, but there is every reason to believe it to be his very last, literary work. He had reached the limit of his power. His mind could go no farther. He had entered into the make-up of every class of society, had lived their lives and thought their thoughts. Each man can find his prototype in Shakespeare. His dramas are the history of all mankind for all time, past, present and future. With a foresight which has apparently been given to none other, he realized that he could say nothing further. The last word is said, the book is closed "and drowned deeper than ever plummet sounded." What he meant by that last word has challenged the attention of scholars for centuries. Perhaps no other of the dramas, save only the "Hamlet," has earned so much speculation as "The Tempest." Is it a political thesis? Is it a poet's dream of an ideal country? It has been the fashion in all ages for scholars and philosophers to dream dreams of government which could exist nowhere except on paper. Plato wrote his "Atlantis," Sir Thomas More his "Utopia," and Lord Bacon his "New Atlantis." "The Tempest" is far other than these. Where is the en-

chanted island situated? Nowhere, yet everywhere. It is not down on any map, yet it as truly exists as any island ever vouched for by the geographers. As the island is real, so are the characters. No one can tell in what day and age the Milan of Prospero existed, or when Prospero reigned. Then did he never reign?

In the character of Prospero one can see the highest type of man—of what man may become. He is still in advance of humanity. There is a profound significance in the placing of the highest and lowest forms of human life in juxtaposition in this play. As in Prospero we find a being higher than mankind, so in Caliban we find a being lower and nearer to the brute creation than any which the history of anthropology mentions. Books have been written to prove that in Caliban the long-lost missing link was found, that Shakespeare was before Darwin the teacher of Evolution, as he was before Harvey the teacher of the circulation of the blood. In Prospero, Shakespeare created the profoundest being in all art or literature—created in the zenith of his powers a student, a booklover, who would vie with the bibliomaniac of any century; one who thought his dukedom of less worth than his beloved volumes, a profound thinker, a man who could by his most potent art control the elements, whose attendants were spirits and whose slave was a Caliban! The time in which he is before us is short, but in that time he acts the part of a god. He is the god of the play. All his enemies are vanquished, his dukedom is restored to him and he leaves the island for Milan. It is all wrought by his magic art. This is the end of Shakespeare's play. He leaves Prospero alive, and Caliban alone on the island. With Caliban

left alone there, it is easy to conceive him rapidly sinking again to his former condition, forgetting the language even, which had been taught him with infinite pains. Such we conceive to be the end of Caliban, the monster-man.

Ernest Rénan, the most brilliant member of the French Institute, in his most inimitable style and with profound philosophical insight, has in the following drama imagined otherwise for the chief actors of "The Tempest." He follows the restored Prospero to Milan, and with him takes the most delicate spirit Ariel, and the slave Caliban, with Gonzalo and Trinculo. With these he creates a new drama in a new situation. Prospero is placed on the throne of Milan, and Caliban, with nothing to do, lies wallowing in drunken stupor, cursing as of yore. He is the same Caliban, and as in Browning's vivid picture, we see him still sprawling, still blaspheming, still worshipping his mother Sycorax's horrible god, Setebos.

Prospero is more intent on helping Nature to express itself than on governing his dukedom. Giving himself still up to his books and experiments, he is speedily in the way of again losing his dukedom. The same profound philosopher, he is too great to be bound down to the humdrum life of governing a dominion. "I ignore what I do myself, my gentle friend, but I am sure of being the instrument of a will which seeks expression. Nature does not comprehend itself, my gentle Ariel." Bound up in study and revery, he does not discern the clouds lowering on the political horizon of his government. He does not heed the mutterings of his people, for he has not heard them. Now a strange thing is to happen, strange, yet often true in

history. Caliban, the brute who has been wallowing in the mire, drunk on Prospero's wine, actuated by his fierce hatred for Prospero, fans the flames until they are ready to break into a great conflagration. All that the people need is a leader. Caliban, by a few well-chosen and adroit words, draws attention to himself. He directs their thoughts to the faults of Prospero. He becomes their leader. "Each revolution produces a grand man, and the one of this revolution is Caliban, the grand citizen Caliban." He assumes control and directs the revolution—certainly a great advance over the Caliban of old, yet not so great after all, for had his advice to Trinculo and Stephano been followed in "The Tempest," possibly Prospero would never have been restored to his dukedom. Yet it is such an advance that it caused wonderment. "What good sense that Caliban has! but whence does he come? Yet what he says is true; he loves the common people." As director of the revolution, Caliban advises the populace how to strike Prospero in the most vulnerable point. He had learned that Prospero's strength lay in his books, hence he advises, "But the most essential thing is to seize upon his books at once. Those books of hell! how I hate them! They have been the instruments of my slavery! We must snatch and burn them immediately! No other method will serve but this! War to the books! They are our worst enemies, and those who possess them will have power over all their fellows!" This was sage advice, for, while to Caliban the books made Prospero a little lower than a god, they were the instruments of all his power, which kept the slave in subjugation and fear. To the people they were that for which Prospero had neglected his govern-

ment, and were, in fact, the cause of the revolution. Hence Caliban and the people were in accord, though for different reasons. The people attributed no particular virtue to his books; they were only things to them, things for which Prospero had neglected them. He to them was only a man, while to Caliban he was a god. Hence his incantations, his magic art, so potent with Caliban and on the island, had no power over the people. Prospero is deposed, the revolution is successful, the leader thereof is elevated to the throne—Caliban is carried in triumph on the shoulders of the multitude and placed in the palace of Prospero. Caliban, the brute, has become the Duke of Milan. While all this is taking place at Milan, Prospero is absorbed with his books and experiments at Pavia, heedless of what is going on. The news is brought to him that he has been deposed and Caliban elevated to his position. When told this he says:

"Whom didst thou say was the Grand Citizen?"

Gonzalo—"Why, it is Caliban, your brute, whom you have kept near you at Milan, and who intoxicated himself on your wine, without rendering you one single other service."

Prospero—"Caliban? Ah! I cannot believe that human beings are such base things! Caliban succeeds me! (*He bursts out laughing.*) O, dukes of Milan, my noble ancestors, the farce is ended! We will see about it, however."

He calls Ariel and bids him summon all his spirits against the rebels in such a contest that the wonders performed in the island would sink into insignificance. Gonzalo is doubtful. The conditions are different, and Gonzalo is right. Prospero's art has failed. What

was all powerful in the island over the king and nobles is powerless against the people. Ariel reports his failure to Prospero,—"Oh! my master, our art has vanished! It is impossible to prevail against the people, * * * * the spirits which were so terrible against Alonzo's fleet could do nothing against the people."

Prospero is astonished, but a philosopher still—"What thou sayest is so marvellous that the knowledge thereof is worth a lost throne." He surrenders everything, only reserving the right to laugh. To him it is supremely ridiculous that Caliban, the brute, should succeed Prospero, the peer, as Duke of Milan. Absurdity could be carried no further.

The time has come when he must part with his delicate spirit, Ariel, who has been with him and loved him until now. He must return to the elements whence Prospero called him. With the most pure, poetical words breathed in soft, loving accents, Ariel, with profound pathos, says: "It will be my sorrow to mingle no more in the life of man. But although strong and vigorous, it is very wicked and I must have purer caresses than it gives. All idealism shall be my love and each pure heart shall be my sister. I will be the virgin purity of the young girl's heart, the blond of her golden hair. I will flourish with the rose. I shall be green with the myrtle, odorous with the violet, pale with the olive. Farewell, my master; farewell! Think thou at times of thy little Ariel."

As Ariel disappears Prospero falls dead. Now the last word has been said. The magician's wand is forever broken, but the lessons forever remain.

WILLIS VICKERY.

CLEVELAND, O., May 1, 1896.

PREFACE.

The three profoundest creations of Shakespeare's entire dramas are Prospero, Duke of Milan, unknown to all historians; Caliban, a misshapen creature, almost impossible of refinement, yet gradually developing into manhood; and Ariel, an ethereal being, symbolizing pure ideality.

These three are the principal actors of the play called "The Tempest," and I wish to engage them as active types of individuality in combinations especially adapted to the ideas of our own times.

I will assume that after the tempest, Prospero, having vanquished all his enemies by his magic art, is once more established upon his throne of Milan. I have brought thither with him his aerial messenger and agent, Ariel, also his slave, Caliban, forever in spiteful revolt, with Trinculo, his fool, and Gonzalo, his wise old counsellor.

Shakespeare is the historian of all time. He portrays no particular country or century. Human history is his sole perspective. In the grand array of pure ideas, scrupulous nicety of local color, exact representation of costumes and of morals should be ignored. I also conform myself to that law, and I ask that, before the lovers of the exact accuse me of anachronism, they tell me in what age Prospero lived.

Dear reader, kindly see in the following play an idealist's fancy sketch, not a theory; a simple phantasy of the imagination, not a political thesis. I wrote it

during a loiter of several months at Ischia, in the beautiful Bay of Naples, and principally in the early morning when the vineyards were yet covered with glistening dew, and the broad sea was enveloped with clouds of white mist. The philosophy which springs from the hours of the newly-born day, is that of the grasshoppers and larks, which I think never have a doubt that the sunlight is most unaccountably sweet, life a most excellent gift, and the whole living earth a most agreeable dwelling place.

ERNEST RÉNAN.

1878.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

Surely, Ischia, with its "vineyards yet covered with glistening dew and broad sea enveloped with clouds of white mist," could have been no more delightful to Rénan's lofty mind and artistic nature than this drama of his, which was born during a "brief loiter there," must be to all thoughtful readers. Each sentence is pregnant with philosophical truths especially applicable to our own time. We have our Prosperos, our Ariels, our Gonzalos, and what is more perplexing still, our incredible, most incomprehensible Calibans.

Much farther than Rénan's eye travelled over bay and surrounding sea of Southern Italy did his keen prophet-soul glance backward into the past and forward into the future. The mysterious laws of nature, the wonderful processes of life met and acted in him as light upon the sensitized sheet at the end of the astronomer's telescope. He penetrated the depths of Shakespeare's drama, then dared to register that measurement in this continuation. With this belief the supreme question in my mind is, will his Caliban eventually become a Prospero? There is in his soliloquy a something which grips one like an unsuspected hand, that question of his — "Prospero always talked of doing good to humanity and it seems that he was not destined to accomplish it. If by chance it should be I——."

E. G. V.

CALIBAN.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

PROSPERO, { legitimate Duke of Milan re-established in his principality.

ARIEL, { spirit of the air, sometimes visible, sometimes invisible. (Role for a woman.)

CALIBAN, a brutal and deformed slave.

GONZALO, an old honest counsellor.

ORLANDO,
ERCOLE,
GRIFFONETTO,
RUGGIERO,
RINALDO,
BALDUCCI, } nobles of Milan.

BEVILACQUA,
BONACCORSO, } citizens of Milan.

IMPERIA, a courtesan.

ZITTELLA, a young girl of gay character.

SIMPLICON, master of a school.

LIONARDO, a servant of Milan.

JACINTO,
ANGIOLINO,
JACOMINO, } artists.

GASPERONE, a powerful wrestler.

WAGNER, a German savant.

FR. AUGUSTINE, of Ferrara, a Dominican Inquisitor.

THE POPE'S LEGATE.

THE PRIOR of the Monastery.

TRINCULO, a fool.

BUTTADEO, the Wandering Jew.

A CLERK.

A VALET.

Citizens of the Principality, Guards, Courtesans, etc.

The scenes take place partly in Milan and partly in the Monastery of Pavia.

Act I.

(*It takes place entirely in the Monastery of Pavia, where Prospero occupies a wing reserved solely for him, in which to pursue his studies and experiments.*)

Scene I.

A cellar opening upon a court.

Caliban, then Ariel.

Caliban, (*lying drunk on the floor and twisting himself about in a pool of wine that is running from a cask which he has opened and forgotten to close again*): Ten thousand curses on him! Oh! the beast, the liar, the sluggard! What trust can we place in the word of princes! In the enchanted island where I was such an incredible idiot as to believe that the drunkard Stephano was a God and to worship the merry-andrew, I escaped narrowly. We would have driven a nail in my master Prospero's head then—ah! what a splendid scheme that was!—but—thanks to that imbecile fiddler whom I have for a spying escort—Prospero learned it all in time, and I had to suffer one of those many punishments which made me roar like a beast. Very well—that's not all. I promised him to be wiser and better and he had the stupidity to believe me. We left the island on the following day and came, after some journeying, to this plain of Lombardy, which resembles our first dwelling-place about as much as a fine quarter of deer resembles a bone after it has been gnawed by a pack of dogs.

Here I became idle, for there was no further need of my seeking the springs hidden near the base of the rocks, of picking berries from the trees, or taking the nests of the young birds from their secret places. He promised me my liberty, but I am still held in my bondage.

Freedom is mine by all the rights of man. Formerly I never gave it a thought, but in this plain of Lombardy my ideas have developed with wonderful rapidity. Since those rights are absolute, how can Prospero allow himself to obstruct my progress? All my pride of being revolts against it. It is true that I can intoxicate myself in his cellar, but is not the first crime of princes that of humiliating the people by their benefits? The only way by which such iniquity can be effaced is to destroy them. Such an outrage can only be washed out by blood—blood.

Everything told, Prospero has been to me only a usurper. He stole from me an island of which I was the legitimate sovereign, for it had belonged to me since the time that Sycorax, my mother, abandoned me there to go to all the infernal demons. I had appropriated it to my needs, and it was home and sustenance to me up to the day when that wicked sorcerer came to set foot thereon with his rogue of an aerial valet. Yes, I was its first occupant and Prospero has been a conqueror, a usurper.

(*Celestial music, full of sweetness, announces Ariel's approach.*)

Always his everlasting strumming! The noxious wretch, cheat, red beast! Ah! if I could only take and make one mouthful of him!

(*Caliban is seized with violent convulsions.*) Peace! at

the least, peace! Spare me thy enraging music which affects me like that nauseous seasickness. Go, instead, and set the cats against the grain with thy caterwaulings.

Ariel (*visible—a long, soft trill*): Why dost thou revolt? Where couldst thou be better off than here? The cellar is open to thee and thou knowest the way out of it. Possibly in freedom thou mightst be less happy than now.

Caliban: Yes, but I am simply another man's tool, his machine to work upon. Base valet, dost thou not see, then, that being experimented upon by another is the most insupportable of things? Thou hast not one atom of honor or pride. No mortal has the right to subjugate another and, wherever it happens, revolt is a most righteous duty.

Ariel: Thou forgettest that thou owest thy manhood and existence to Prospero.

Caliban: That is fine logic. But the island was mine. I was there before him, and it belonged to me through Sycorax, my mother. The fertile fields, the abundant springs, the goodly trees which went to Prospero were all mine, and he has only given me in return this slavery.

Ariel: Thou sayest without cessation that the island belonged to thee. In truth, it did belong to thee, just as the desert belongs to the gazelle, the jungle to the tiger, and no more. Thou knewest the name of nothing there. Thou wast a stranger to reason and thy inarticulate language resembled the bellowing of an angry camel more than any human speech. Those sounds which were strangled in thy throat were very like an ineffectual effort to vomit,

but brute as thou wast, Prospero taught thee the Aryan language, and with that divine tongue the channel of reason has become inseparable from thee. Little by little, thanks to language and reason, thy deformed features have become harmonized, thy web-fingers have separated themselves one from the other, and from a poisonous fish thou hast become a man. Even now thou speakest almost like a son of Italy.

Caliban: Oh! Be silent thou! The language in itself answers me well enough. Why did not Prospero see that the Aryan tongue which he taught me I would use as a means by which to curse him? He is an idiot, for he should know that each one seeks his own good alone. I am indebted to Prospero for everything thou sayest. He was unwise. Were I in his place I would not have done so. But why did he oblige me thus? I asked nothing of him.

Ariel: Thou sayest horrible things. Then it is not the duty of those who are most enlightened to seek the elevation of others less fortunate?

Caliban: If I were in power I would look first and mainly to my own welfare. Ah! For instance, I should not imagine that those whom one improves would not wish to live for themselves! Ingratitude is the stamp of humanity. Every effort to elevate another person reacts against the educator. Each lives according to his character. The crocodile only has a great mouth with which to better provide for his sustenance. As cursing is my nature, I cannot curb my invectives. To give me a language was to equip me for that end. I have only learned the Aryan speech as a means to express foulness and blasphemy. The

bend of my nature is stronger than I, for I cannot hinder my cursing.

Ariel: Thou wouldst also have violated Miranda.

Caliban: Well, after all, we should have peopled the island. Men place some value on themselves. Her father owed me wages. I broke his wood, lighted his fire and carried his water, and without me he would have known neither cultivated fields nor trees.

Ariel: Thou scandalizest me and irritatest my nature as much as it possibly can be irritated. I can not refute thee, for refutation is not my forte. As for me, I serve the ideal with delight. After the catastrophe to the ships in the enchanted island my master promised me my liberty. "Return to the elements," he said to me, "be free and do thy part well." From day to day I believed that he would liberate me, and each day since he called me his little bird, his gentle Ariel, and I am content. I no longer even recall that promise to mind, for he is accomplishing such wonderful things here in Italy!

Caliban: Ah! as to that, it is all one to me!

Ariel: But they greatly excel all those which he did in the island.

Caliban: Yes, that was charming work! The cramps, the horrible wrenchings to and fro, the serpents, the spikes under one's feet, the saws, the rasps, the larding needles, the pincers which stretched and tortured one, making in all a hell for each and every day. And it is that which should give him shame, Ariel. Ah! thou, thou dost not feel it for thou art religious and submissive, thou acceptest thy lot as providential, but indeed Prospero has reigned over us by means of false ideas. He has deceived us, and of

all humiliations deception is the most irritating, since it implies a weakness on the side of the deceived. Those little devils which made me fall into fits in the thunder, those little apes which tantalized me by their grimaces, those mad cats which gnawed my legs—that was all horrible, but what is worse, it was not true. Ah! villain, that injury I will never forgive thee—never. When the people perceive that the superior classes have led them by means of superstition, thou shalt see what a doom it will bring down upon their old time masters. That hell, by which they terrified us, never existed. Those monsters on which Prospero's prestige rested were all imaginary, but they tormented me as greatly as if they had been real. Prestige! wait a little, and you will soon see that it has vanished into thin air.

Ariel: Thou servest by fear, while I serve through love. That thing which he seeks is so alluring that I am happy to contribute to it by obedience. Truly, I have a feeling for him at least of deep reverence. He is not God, but he works for God. He believes that God is reason, and that one should work towards the means by which God, who is reason, governs the world more and more. Thus he seeks the power to most effectually arm reason for its just rule.

Caliban: Idle stories! Setebos, my mother's god was a much more valorous being than that intangible God about whom thou art ceaselessly prating to me. Setebos showed his power by visible effects. Each morning his cave was full of freshly cut heads, each with a sharp knife thrust through its jaws. As for the God of the Christians, he is only the God of the feeble minded and of women. It should be seen how I would

treat the feeble minded! and as to the women! ah! mesdames, Setebos kept himself in awe by a hatchet, and that is a gallant god. Ah! knave of a Prospero, thou wilt understand it all if it is once possible to reduce thee to that state of vassalage in which the sons of toil are held.

Ariel: Farewell! between thee and me there is no possible exchange of ideas. Remain as thou art, a stranded whale, a porpoise exhausted of breath. As for me, I return through the pure air to await the orders of the spirit who has done me the honor to take me to be the executor of his will.

(*Ariel flies away, making harmonious sounds.*)

Caliban: Oh! I am in hell! my bones are cracking, my nerves tortured, my muscles stretched as the strings of a violin are, by the tuning key. Every fiber of my body is strained by little levers to the point of snapping asunder. My knees are pierced by a nail, but still I must walk, and to crown my torture an infernal fiddle stick plays over it all. Mercy! mercy! my lord Prospero! I will obey.

Scene II.

Prospero, Ariel, afterwards a Guard.

(*In Prospero's laboratory—furnaces, alembics, retoris, receivers plunged in mercury baths, from each of which a slight crackling is heard.*)

Prospero: So, my Ariel, thou wilt be always faithful to me? Twenty times I have said to thee, "Thou art going to be free, Ariel," yet I still hold thee in my service.

Ariel (*visible*): That is as you please, my lord. And what, pray, should I do with my liberty if it ends in my being absorbed by the elements from which you drew me? It is through you that I now exist, and I love you and your studies, my master.

(*The trembling of the gases in the receivers gives out an almost imperceptible harmony. The air to be composed by Gounod.*)

Prospero: I ignore what I do myself, my gentle friend, but I am sure of being the instrument of a will which seeks expression. Nature does not comprehend itself, my Ariel. For instance, thou little bird of the blue, what didst thou realize of thyself before I drew thee from the great universal chaos in which thou wast lost, by summoning, gathering and massing together in diaphanous mould thy scattered elements? Salt is in all the wide sea and it is incessantly striving to set itself free. Life is in every atom of air and the smallest leaf on the tree, in its dim consciousness, is eagerly drinking it in. We work as they do by an analysis and synthesis, tearing asunder and building together. That is science. I wish to be master of the spirits of nature and to give a distinct personality to each. Such is the aim and desire of all my investigations.

Ariel: Those spirits, then, are forces lost in nature, existences which one cannot see in the pure state unless science extract them.

Prospero: Perfectly correct. All that which strives, but has not hitherto realized itself by expression—what certain of my fellow workers call *gas*. Each of the receivers there is the prison house of a *gas*, for as almost all of them seek to rise, the little dome above becomes a veritable prison to the expanding force.

This one here comes from water and during one day will give out light. That other is the essence of life and heat.

(*Harmony proceeding from the vibration of the gas.*)

Ariel: O celestial sounds, brothers of mine! What happiness in serving such sublime creations, my master! Doubtless thou hast obtained thy power over them by the help of one who is thy god as thou art mine.

Prospero: No, Ariel, the eternal God does not reveal Himself face to face, neither does He appear in material substance. All that has been told of His incarnation is most doubtful. It is He who is the genius of the man of genius, the virtue of the virtuous man, the sweetness of the gentle soul, the universal effort of expression in all times and places. We define Him most truly when we say, He is love. It is by His grace that nothing is unfruitful, that each world draws into its breast all that proceeds out of it. It is He who will have become most fully realized, when science will diadem the crowned monarch, and reign without a rival. Then, reason will restore the lost beauty of the world. What a triumphant edict for the sovereigns of that time to issue:

At Paestum strew with roses,
Plant the cedars of Lebanon.

(*A guard enters.*)

The Guard: Your highness is perhaps aware that every thing is ready at the palace in Milan for to-night's fete. The sun is already sinking and it takes three hours to go from here to Milan.

(*Ariel disappears, Prospero goes out.*)

Act II.

(*The palace garden at Milan*).

Scene I.

Caliban (*concealed*), *Gonzalo*, *Orlando*, *Ercole*, *Griffonetto*, *Ruggiero*, *Rinaldo*, *Balducci*, *Bevilacqua*, *Wagner*, *Simplicon*, *Lionardo*, *Trinculo*, *Jacinto*, *Gasparone*, *Imperia*, *Zitella*, *Angiolino*, *Jacomino*, *Buttadeo;* (*young men*, *noblemen*, *musicians*, *messengers*, *citizens of Milan*, *courtesans*.)

(*The palace is brilliantly illuminated. The steps are decorated with giant forms which disengage themselves at night and form fireworks. By high open windows one sees the chandeliers of the interior and long galleries decorated with exotic plants. Troupes of musicians are seated under the trees. Companies of gentlemen coming and going. Several courtesans forming the center of a group of admirers. The citizens of Milan promenading in very simple costumes. Orlando and Ercole passing arm in arm.*)

Orlando: I tell you, my Lord Ercole, that the duke is lost and we, too, are lost with him.

Ercole: For four or five thousand years, and possibly much longer, it has been prophesied that the world is going to destruction, and yet somehow it always seems to swing on in the same old way.

Everything here declines and revives again, for the wheel of fate has the trick of turning ceaselessly.

Orlando: Yes, but how many have been ruined there-

on! The duke is a philosopher, a savant, and those people yonder were better resting in their closets. I fear that we are going to see a revolution of contempt and outlawry.

Ercole: Ah! not so bad as that! but in reality men only respect those who grind them into the dust and kill them. When fortune has given them a sage for their ruler they cry out, "Fie on it! what a humiliation!"

(*They pass on. Griffonetto, Ruggiero and several others enter on the scene.*)

Griffonetto: We shall see monsters springing out of the mire, as one has never known it heretofore.

Ruggiero: I do not believe in monsters. I have never seen one.

Griffonetto: What was Caliban?

Ruggiero: Oh! well, Caliban was a monster while he was in the island of magic, but the great school of the popular rabble, which calls itself Milan, has quite reformed him. He is now only drunk and idle, and with a pot of wine one can content themselves very easily from day to day. Ah! but they civilize the monsters upon right good methods nowadays.

(*Ercole and Orlando have rejoined the group.*)

Orlando: And what of the villains of society? You seem to take no account of them whatever.

Ruggiero: There are no villains.

(*All burst into laughter.*)

Orlando: And what do you call those whom the gallows punish?

Ruggiero: It is exceedingly rare to find such people as those out yonder, on the road thither.

(*The group disperses.*)

(*Rinaldo, Balducci and others enter on the scene.*)

Rinaldo: To succeed is, according to my ideas, the whole of life.

Balducci: To succeed in what? One passes one's life in the pursuit of an object, and when it is attained one finds it is nothing after all.

(*The different groups reunite.*)

Ercole: In serving any cause it is much better in the end to have that cause outlive you.

Balducci: Away with hope, then! as the cause will die before us. For, no matter how passionately they hope for success, we see only the defeats of all people of one idea. One is disgusted with their narrowness and intensity, and the succeeding generation religiously sets itself to obliterate all that they have accomplished with so much conviction. The method, I believe, is everything.

Orlando: Attachment to one's race corrects the individual tendency towards savage uselessness, I believe.

Ruggiero: Oh, yes, in the eyes of those who are not philosophical. In order to include himself in the confines of his own race he must be persuaded that his race is better than all others. But the others being equally positive on their side of the same fact, there is no possible chance that both can be right. Ah! prejudice and vanity are the foundations of life, and whatever philosophy destroys prejudice uproots the very basis of our being.

Orlando: Love of one's country is more powerful than prejudice.

Ruggiero: I will answer your argument at once. Can you believe that your country has a particular ex-

cellence, when all the patriots of whatever nation in the world are just as blindly convinced that their country has the same advantage? But what is patriotism in you, you term prejudice and bigotry in the others. You must be blind as a mole not to see that they will pass the same judgment upon you.

Trinculo (*running here and there with his fool's wand*): I never saw a fete which resembled a funeral so much as this. Everybody is so distressingly philosophical that I dare not hazard the least foolishness. Prospero has not the least taste for nonsense, and all the rest of the gentlemen this evening are much too intent on their heavy philosophies to pay attention to a poor fool. But the fools, however, are oftentimes the wisest, frivolous though they are.

(*Imperia's group approaches.*)

Jacinto: Yes, that ideal head will be stamped some day with death's likeness.

Imperia: Oh! what a charming compliment, Jacinto! Since you pretend to so much philosophy you should turn monk. You should not look either so near or so far away. You falsify equally either vision of your eye and placing the object thus upon your retina you have set it outside a true judgment. Because a thing is ephemeral there is no reason for calling it useless. All is ephemeral, and the ephemeral is oftentimes divine. Take the butterfly, for example, which is less an animal of itself than it is the blossom of another animal. The butterfly is the highest expression of the worm, as the flower is the perfect fulfillment of the plant. Apparently it is a creature but little endowed. It is feeble of life and consciousness and condemned, you would say, to represent only an ugly and wan

existence in nature, to simply multiply numbers, and fill one of the vacuums in the infinite scale of being. But watch! suddenly the crawling, stupid creature has become winged and ideal and possessed of a purely aerial life. A creature of the earth composed of all its grosser elements, it has become an inhabitant of the air and a child of the day.

What has worked this miracle? Love. The butterfly is the period of love. Do you not admire the expansion of its wings, its caresses to every flower, the pursuit hither and thither of its joyous fancy? All is gold in its eyes, everything made for it in that embracing atmosphere which beautifies the lowliest of earth's productions. Happy creature! It brightens itself for its hour, flings aside its heavy envelope of clay, intoxicates itself with delight, leads a most perfect life for several moments, then it dies. It does not weep for death. As soon as it has assuaged its thirst and drunk its fill of joy it withers. Most happy. For it to love is life; to have loved is death.

I do not doubt that during that short space it condenses in its little being so much ecstasy that its fugitive life outweighs that of the most powerful creatures, and greatly surpasses in true worth that of the great majority of men. Short but brilliant light, flower of a day, I salute thee, O well beloved of God! thee, whose life includes in several short hours those three divine instants—to bloom, to love, to die.

Orlando, *Ercole*, *Ruggiero*, (*together*): Bravo, Imperia!

Imperia: Do not think me frivolous. Woman's chief duty is to be beautiful. But beauty is such a difficult art. It should be cultivated very exclusively. That

which would injure its preservation must be shunned, for all passion, all prejudice, is harmful to it. The dwarf, above everything else, makes one ugly because he provokes grimacing.

(*She passes on. Jacinto and Ercole remain in the middle of the scene*).

Ercole: You know the secret of her beauty. It is from the fact that her body gives in effect the sesquilateral proportion.

Jacinto: What devil did you employ for the measurement?

(*He passes on. Zitella, surrounded by many young men, enters*).

Zitella: My God, what men you are! All that you say is true, but what good is there in telling it? It is much wiser to amuse one's self than to analyze the process of amusement.

Balducci: She is right. Thinking causes a bad headache.

Zitella: And more than that, it affects the heart. Certainly there are enough sad things about us, but it is very easy not to think of them. When one has a taste for those subjects, one should turn hermit at once. What amuses, does not also torment us at the same time. It is only when we are weary of life, that we turn philosopher. That belongs to the old duke, since what can delight an old man who is devoid of all sensation? Always with his books and incantations.

(*The wines are served, the music swells higher*).

Balducci: Fashionable pleasure is indeed the only real and desirable thing.

Bevilacqua: Then the simple aim of life is enjoyment?

Balducci: Without doubt.

Bevilacqua: But everybody can beguile themselves with similar reasoning, and the result would be that all classes would care only for amusements. What then? for the world does not contain sufficient pleasure for all.

Balducci: We will repress the troublesome and give them labor instead.

Bevilacqua: Repress them by what means?

Balducci: The force of arms.

Bevilacqua: But where could you get the soldiers?

Balducci: Oh! everywhere; money will always command a body of troops.

Bevilacqua: And what if your hirelings should find it to their advantage to strangle you and sieze the city? The mercenary generally ends by becoming master of those who hire him.

Balducci: Yes, that is a possible danger, I admit.

Bevilacqua: It is wiser to depend upon the nation instead.

Balducci: What is the nation, pray?

Bevilacqua: Italy, of course.

Orlando: No, Milan is the nation.

Ercole: That is of slight importance. The nation however you may conceive it, will never respond to the interests of a small number, as then the great majority would be sacrificed. Why make people fight and kill each other for a state of things, which would only benefit a few of the privileged classes.

Simplicon: They should be instructed and enlightened instead.

Orlando: What is it you say? Warfare is a glorious recreation, for nothing has more value than the life of an individual. To be no more, is the worst thing that

can happen to a person. The most brilliant victory never can recompense the dead, who, being killed, though on the victorious side, are yet certainly vanquished.

A clear, reflecting, self-loving consciousness would say to itself that the essential thing in a battle is not to be killed.

It is, therefore, necessary to maintain a vast reserve of ignorance and stupidity, a mass of people so simple that they can be taught to believe that if they are killed they will either go to heaven or that their lot is to be envied by the living. They make their armies of such creatures as those and not out of the intelligent classes, for if all were people of sense, nobody would be sacrificed, as each would say, "My life is worth more to me than anything else." As a rule, all heroism is due to a lack of reflection and thus it is necessay to maintain a mass of imbeciles.

If they once understand themselves the ruling men will be lost. A man rules by employing one-half of these animals to conquer the other half. In the same way the art of politics lies in dividing the people and controlling each section by means of the other. To do that, one of these halves must be brutalized so that the rest may be more easily separated from them, for if the armed and unarmed once realize their position the very structure of society will be wrecked.

Ruggiero: That is truly spoken. There is one thing which always fills me with uncontrollable laughter, and that is when Turks and Christians go to war. Each fights without nourishment or pay, and each buoys up his heart with the assurance that if the fortune of battle decrees his death he will go henceforth

to paradise. Now, either the Turk or the Christian must be deceived, for if the Christian's heaven exists it precludes that of the Turk, on the ground of total unlikeness. Neither sophistry nor example can counteract such contradictions for me, and so I believe in neither. It is impossible that each of the enraged combatants can be right at the same time, although they may be mutually wrong upon the same point. But in either case they are paid and drawn into combat with false letters of credit on the future life. Then it became necessary to defend the idea with their lives, as it caused other nations who did not have faith in their creed to look upon them as weak and inferior beings.

It is exactly as if a nation issued false duplicates of base money at the expense of other states. Our hirelings demand their reward in this world, and they ridicule those, who defer the payment of their soldiers to paradise.

Orlando: It is an amazing thing, that any one has the power to summon millions of men together, and make them fight, to the death, on acconnt of several persons, who are practically nobodies.

Ruggiero: After all it is fate which rules them, for if the same people died in their beds, they would be just as surely dead as if they were killed in battle.

Orlando: Yes, all is fruitless save the delight of the present hour, and devotion to one's self is the most profitable pursuit of all.

Balducci: The order of the world rests upon seemingly flimsy laws. I have often made the peculiar reflection, that a nation is at its best when engaged in war, as then the government is gracious, the attendants

polite, the princes amiable; it is just the time to carry out reforms, for one can then introduce and establish needed measures as at no other period.

(*A peculiar agitation runs over the assembly. Ercole and Jacinto pass, talking together.*)

Ercole: There are things true theologically which are not true philosophically. All the doctors of Padua agree upon that point to-day.

Jacinto: Then you do not believe, that the bones of Saint Antony of Padua work miracles?

Ercole: Excuse me; theologically speaking they of course do, but philosophically speaking they are carrying around the bones of a dead dog (*ossa carnis mortui*, so says my master) about as much, if they imagine those to be Saint Antony's bones.

Jacinto: I acknowledge that, but I am superstitious, and it is impossible for me not to imagine that a superior being would not choose to interest himself about us.

(*Messengers from outside enter the garden and speak guardedly to several guests.*)

Bevilacqua: Instead of dancing, it would be more to the purpose if we were arming ourselves.

Orlando: Prospero in all probability will be the last one advised.

Ercole: That is ordinarily the case in such situations.

Ruggiero: There is no use in getting excited. One catches the spirit of the multitude as one takes a fever. The exhausted systems will go safe through the greatest ills, owing to the debility of their constitution, just the same as enfeebled people resist a poisonous atmosphere better than more robust ones, from having already accustomed themselves to a partial respiration.

(*A group of artists enters.*)

Angiolino: I have told you before this that artists and all others, who delight and refine the hearts of humanity are living upon alms. Their sphere is the very highest, but their work brings no remuneration.

Jacomino: A little money is certainly a very agreeable possession.

Jacinto: You do not take the fact into account that we amuse ourselves at the same time we work, or that the labor for which they pay us so little, we would do for our own pleasure alone.

Jacomino: Then I am of the true craft, for I have been living for months in a servant's loft.

Angiolino: What I have done is infinitely droller. I have slept the past year in a coffin.

Jacinto: That is only as it should be, for it is just as necessary that artists be poor as that they educate the people by their work. The wealthy amateur never produces a good thing.

Gasparone: We all belong to the infirm class, the vines needing the support of a trellis and existing simply to produce fruit, not the true trees of independent growth. As for me, my enormous head and tremendous biceps have always hurt me and been a cause of embarassment when I tried to enter society. My great head has made me always appear awkward and by means of it no woman has ever consented to love me.

Lionardo: Bravo, my comrade, that is my case exactly.

Wagner (*who listens with a saturnine air*): As for me, I maintain that with your faulty education you cannot be artists. You do not understand the esthetic, which is only taught in the universities of our country.

All together: What is that he said?

Wagner: Then another is pedagogy, both of which sciences the other nations do not yet understand. Our German superiority lies in the fact that those subjects are taught in our universities.

Jacinto: We do not understand. In his country do they make the artists in the universities and from such processes expect to grow great men?

Jacomino: So it appears.

Angiolino: For my part, I believe that great men come without teaching in a country where the grain is native to the soil, and that they cannot be produced in any land which does not grow them spontaneously. As beauty is created, not taught, so no mere master can teach creation. The artist, therefore, who solves the difficult problem without giving much thought to his methods is the true esthetic.

Lionardo: You are right. But there is nothing so grand as science, for it alone, responding to reality, will never pass out of fashion. Knowledge confers greatness, and Prospero, who aspires to command the forces of nature, is the grandest man among us.

(*The groups mingle together.*)

Caliban (*hidden behind a thicket assists at the fete. Aside*): I have no place in that fete and I cannot say that I regret it very much. Sauntering backwards and forwards is not very amusing. Were I in their place, I would prefer to pass the time lying stretched out in a fresh cellar near an open wine cask. Is it just, however, that I am not among them? All men have the same rights and since it is a privilege it must also be an advantage. And when, likewise, it would not be an advantage, according to my ideas it is well that they

look upon it thus. For that I am thankful. Here at Milan I feel myself more and more worthy of the dignity of a citizen.

Trinculo (*running here and there*): So not the least foolishness is possible? O soiree of the end of the world! From the trend of everything here to-night I believe that Caliban himself would be a philosopher.

(*In ferreting about, he discovers Caliban behind the thicket.*)

Oh, the lucky chance! This is my opportunity!

(*To Caliban.*)

Ah my friend bear, here is the occasion for presenting yourself to the company.

(*He seizes Caliban, throws a cord about his neck and drags him along, striking him with his wand.*)

See, my lords, here is the creature; look, look! As you please, bear or whale. Dance, my friend!

Bevilacqua: That is not prudent, for in the changes of fortune Caliban, may be, will have the next turn.

(*A great movement in the assembly. Prospero appears on the palace steps.*)

Scene II.

The same people; Prospero.

Prospero: Arrange yourselves, my lords, to assist at the fete which my art has permitted me to give you. Approach Ariel.

(*Exquisite music announces the approach of Ariel, who is invisible.*)

And now, my Ariel, present what I have made for an illusion of the senses. The illustrious company as-

sembled here would, perhaps, like to see first the ancient gods, their nature just as it was in bright Olympus, as gods of flesh, thinking and feeling like ourselves.

(*The sky opens, a grand aurora borealis starts to the zenith; a vast multitude of gods, gennii, nymphs, demi-gods, ascend and descend in the rays of light; then a tempest confuses all these divine beings in an immense, ever-whirling circle. Order is insensibly restored, and little by little all the gods appear seated about the table of a feast.*)

Be present now, my lords, at the supper of the gods. In the center is Jupiter, become for the time *optimus maximus.*

(*In the lower part of the spectacle are seen the heads of an innumerable multitude of mortals.*)

Voice heard from the multitude: It is right to worship a good and pitiful god. It is necessary to pray.

Buttadeo, (*The Wandering Jew, standing out from the host, his forehead covered with a wing stamped with the name of Jehovah*)*:* Error! Error! I protest. Your God can not know either justice or pity. Mine has made the heavens and the earth and everything in and upon them. He is righteous and merciful.

Voice of the Multitude: If He made the world such as it is, how is He just? The world is neither just nor good.

Buttadeo: The evil comes to those who do not observe the law. If the law was obeyed the world would be perfect.

(*Smiles.*)

Prospero: You smile, gentlemen, but take care! The law is an attempt to realize an upright society. The attempt, as you know, was imperfect, but all the

efforts of reform for the world in the name of justice have grouped themselves about that idea.

(*To Ariel*).

Ariel, it is now time to show us the gods of the future.

(*A clumsy multitude of giants, with enormous legs and arms covered with polished steel, appears. Their joints move by the aid of powerful eccentric articulations. Over each joint is a cup of oil for lubricating it and arranged in such a way as never to spill its contents; over that is an incandescent tube which is their soul. They appear to eat carbon. The gods of steel throw themselves upon the table of the gods of flesh, breaking, killing and destroying. Most frightful disorder ensues; nymphs, dryads, and all the enchanted nature flee away terrified and distracted.*)

Voice of the Multitude of Mortals: What is become of the gods of flesh? We will see the reign of the gods of steel. May be they will be good and just.

Buttadeo: Believe it not. There is only one just, that is my God, who made the heavens and the earth. There is no other god beside Him. (*After having put the gods of flesh to flight, the gods of steel fight among themselves. The air is filled with a frightful din of ringing metal.*)

Voice of the Mortals: We thought that science was peaceful, and that when the day came for the sky to have no god, or the earth a king, there would be no more fighting.

(*A great burst of laughter followed by a blast of icy wind, darkness and chaos. Diasyrmos with a discordant violin alone survives, and plays while the apparition melts into nothingness, a snatch of a grotesque rhythm.*)

Prospero (*standing upon the palace steps*): Be thanked,

my lords, for having assisted in this fete, where your presence has added to the evening's pleasure. Your old duke will never see another. Remain always young at heart, and may God give you joy. I leave for my retreat at Pavia, where I shall habitually give two out of three thoughts to death and its lessons.

Gonzalo (*approaching, says to the duke in a low voice*) : My lord, if you wish to sleep well this evening in your palace at Milan, your books should only receive a little of your time, and possibly the public good would find much profit by it. The city has all the symptoms of a sick man. It has the fever. The chiefs of the camp call the people to arms. Everywhere is heard the most seditious propositions.

Prospero : I shall have far more power in my cabinet, Gonzalo, than in my palace of Milan.

Act III.—Scene I.

Caliban, Simplicon, A Clerk, Plebeians.

(*The scene takes place in a public square of Milan. A great multitude in animated conversation. Caliban is going and coming through the mass of people and speaking with spirit.*)

First Plebeian: It is beyond doubt, that a prince never deserved the anger of his people so much, as this one.

A Clerk: Rex est qui regit. Ergo non est rex qui non regit. Down with the idler!

Second Plebeian: That is the argument of our foes. Oh! if they would listen to me, there would no longer be a class of people, who enrich themselves by the fruits of our labor.

Another Plebeian: And by means of us, they live a life of ease and pleasure, and with that their amusements are so ridiculous. In their place, I would find myself something different, in the way of enjoyment.

Caliban: And the most exasperating thing is, that we are simple tools to their will.

First Plebeian: What did he say?

Second Plebeian: What he said is very clear. You are your master's workman, to whom you have been bound, and he lives by your sweat.

First Plebeian: That is true enough; he does.

Second Plebeian: Is it right to be so?

First Plebeian: Evidently not, for it is I who toil and he who grows wealthy by it.

Third Plebeian: There is no doubt but we are tools.

Caliban: And whose is the fault?

First Plebeian: He is ugly as a beast, but he reasons well.

Caliban: Whose fault is it, I ask?

A Plebeian: Very well, it is ours.

Caliban: As to the government—Zounds!

Another Plebeian: Oh! in some measure that is right. The government has charge of everything, so when affairs go ill it must be set down to its mismanagement.

Another Plebeian: This is evident at sight.

Simplicon: The great evil is that the common people are not educated as they should be.

Caliban: Cease, fool! I tell you the wrong is in the ruler.

A Plebeian: Well said; he is right.

Numerous voices: Long live Caliban! Caliban, leader of the people!

Caliban: But few words will answer for the time. The man who has made all of you suffer such wrongs is crafty, wicked and incredibly base. He should be seized and prevented from reigning any longer. But you must not suppose that that will be easily done. He has in his service spirits just as wicked as he is himself, and above all, a damned fiddler whose tricks are simply incredible. I would have killed him before now; once I even had the time set for driving a nail into his head, and was already exulting over the pleasure of my deed, when—puff! all was baffled. To defy him is much more difficult than you can imagine; but trust the order and arrangement of the affair to me. He is very absorbed at times, and in one of those moments, when he is thinking of nothing about him,

we must surprise and overcome him. I will lead you by doors and passages, which I know well, to his apartments.

But the most essential thing is to seize upon his books at once. Those books of hell—ugh! how I hate them. They have been the instruments of my slavery. We must snatch and burn them instantly. No other method will serve but this. War to the books! They are our worst enemies, and those who possess them will have power over all their fellows. The man who knows Latin can control and command people to his service. Down with Latin! Therefore, first of all seize his books, for there lies the secret of his power. It is by them that he reigns over the inferior spirits. Break, also, the glass retorts and all the materials of his laboratory. Without his books and the tools of his craft he will be the same as we are. Then, when he has been made powerless through losing his force, the rest of the work will be easily accomplished. He is old and feeble and his guards will make no resistance, for the money which he should have given them he has spent for books and retorts to help on his deviltries. You can easily strangle him or shut him up in a cage to starve to death, or compel him to turn monk. I tell you that when you have burnt his books you can be generous; but thither, no further of compassion.

(*Universal Applause.*)

A Clerk: Each revolution produces a grand man and the one of this revolution is Caliban, the grand citizen, Caliban.

A Plebeian: Courage, Caliban! You can achieve success for us all.

Caliban: A little later. The thing to do now, believe

me, is the destruction of his books, and no time must be lost.

A Plebeian: What good sense that Caliban has; but whence does he come? It is very certain that what he says is true—he loves the common people.

All together: Long live Caliban!

(*They conduct him in triumph to the palace.*)

Scene II.

(*In the grand hall of the palace.*)

Caliban, Plebeians. (*The hall is compactly filled with the multitude. Tremendous excitement. People are standing on the tables and fiercely haranguing the crowd about them. Caliban is standing upon a stage at the foot of the hall surrounded by captains of the populace, and everybody is shouting and gesticulating wildly.*)

A Plebeian: At last we are going to see the suppression of abuses.

Another Plebeian: What is an abuse.

First Plebeian: Whatever is an injustice is an abuse. All men are equal, and whatever is done to benefit one at the expense of another should be prohibited.

Second Plebeian: But are there not some who are born stronger and more intelligent than their fellows? Is it right to rank them with their inferiors?

First Plebeian: Yes, and so much the worse for them.

Another: But are not some women born feebler than others, and is it not just that they should be protected?

Another: No; so much the worse for them. But the greatest abuse of all is that God makes so much for some and so little for others. His preferences must be amended and reparation made for His injustices.

Another: But who will regulate all this? Who will comprise the government?

Another: Nobody! Nobody! We are all going to be free.

Another: I cannot see very well how, if all are equal, they are yet going to be perfectly free. The strongest will demand and take their part by force. Who will have power to control them?

Another: The people in the name of fraternity will do it.

Another: And what will be done with those who care nothing about this fraternity?

Another: For them? Death!

(*A long procession of a body of tradesmen, preceded by their banners, each bearing a petition.*)

A Plebeian: And what will support the people?

Another: Their work will provide for that, as it always has.

Another: And who will give work to them?

Another: The wealthy, of course. Ah! when they have determined to forego luxurious living they will see——

Another: But there will be no wealthy class then. You told me but a moment since that all would be equal.

(*New procession.*)

Another: The impost will be only employed to assist poor citizens.

Another: I understand that there will not be any more taxation, and, if so, may I ask how are you going to defend Milan against its enemies?

Another: Leave all that alone. When we are free all the world will fear us.

Another: Yes; long live Milan! War to Como, Verona, Vercelli and Novara.

Another: What do you say? To make war you must have money and soldiers. You have suppressed the impost, and again, if you have an army it will be your master.

Another: Away with you! Down with the detractors of the people! Down with taxes! Down with aristocracy! Long live Milan, victorious and great!

Another: Long live the patriots!

(*A redoubling of petitions and processions.*)

Caliban (*shouting*): Citizens, attention! Give us a little silence. Place your interests in our hands. Investigations are going to be made by properly nominated commissions and satisfaction will be given to all. Coming from your ranks, we are of you and for you. The sole aim and occupation of the government shall be the welfare of its people. But, citizens, order is necessary. Put down your arms, return to your houses, and crown your victory by moderation and a respect for propriety. Long live Milan!

Voice of the crowd: Bravo! Bravo! Long live Milan!

(*Sudden quiet.*)

A Plebeian: But just now he preached the revolution at the sword's point. I doubt if it is ended so soon.

Another Plebeian: What would you have! A revolution uses itself up very quickly.

(*The great hall empties itself gradually.*)

Scene III.

(*The scene is in an ancient chamber where is seen Prospero's couch. It is midnight and there is profound silence everywhere. The room is lighted by the reflections of a*

*lamp suspended from the ceiling, and whose fret work cuts upon the walls in silhouette the combat of a Griffin and an Arimasp.**

(*The ceiling is a thoroughly intense blue, upon which is painted the signs of the Zodiac in colossal figures. The bed is sorrounded by pictures representing the loves of Jupiter.*)

Caliban (*alone, lying on the bed*): I would not have believed it was so sweet to be in power, nor, above all, that one could so quickly mature in perception and feeling through sovereignty alone. In the short passage from the square to the palace I have changed more than in all the rest of my life. But ten hours have passed since the people brought me here upon their arms, and I cannot recognize my old self in the new. I was very unjust to Prospero, and I suppose my slavery embittered me, but now that I lie in his bed I can judge him as brothers judge between themselves. He had splendid qualities, and in many things I am disposed to imitate his example.

What could be more odious, for instance, than those inopportune frenzies of the people, with their defiles of impossible petitions in overwhelming numbers! What frantic eagerness for pleasure! What destructive pretensions! What they asked of me was similar to deriving nourishment for ten thousand men from one hogshead of wheat, or to find in a one gallon measure five hundred pots of wine. And the others—comrades! phew! As for me, my part is taken. I will not suffer

*The word used by the author is "Vouivre," which is not to be found in the French dictionaries. I conclude that it must be one of the Arimaspians, the natural foes of the Griffin in mythology, and often represented in combat with him by the Greeks in their architecture.—Translator.

myself to be invaded by those people who imagine that by demanding more than is in my power to give, they will drag me along with them to destruction. A government should be masterful—I will be. After all, the aristocrats and I have common interests. I am established like them, and it is necessary to be enduring. Property is really the ballast of society, and I already feel myself in strong sympathy with the landed classes.

Then in addition to the power there is the glory of the position. Pomp and glory are necessary adjuncts to it, I find. Ah! I have had wrongs, and I will make amends for them in this life of blaze and dominion. At the fete yesterday evening I was jealous, for I was not then of them. Well! Well! the fetes, the beautiful arts, the palaces, the courts, all, are the ornaments of life. I will give my patronage to the artists, and as literary men shed glory alike on a kingdom and king, I will not neglect them. Who was the center of that brilliant assembly last night? It was the beautiful Imperia. I will become her suitor, and I will make her the supreme aim of my life. And, if, happily, I may succeed in pleasing her?—Oh! no, that is too much, too much—but who knows, after all? May be——

(*He sighs.*)

Ah! if I could be loved I should be good and happy. Now that a new world is opening to me and the good does exist, it will not be forbidden to me. I shall see it for the first time. Prospero always talked of doing good to humanity, and it seems that he was not destined to accomplish it. If, by chance, it should be I—— (*He falls asleep*).

Act IV.—Scene I.

Gonzalo, *Prospero.*

(*At the monastery of Pavia, in Prospero's chamber. Prospero seated at a table. Gonzalo enters.*)

Gonzalo: My lord, your city of Milan is lost. The people are in revolt on all sides. Caliban is chief of the people, and here are his proclamations. He has already announced himself as very moderate. The orderly people, who were at first frightened, have gathered around him, and they call him the savior of society. He is called, unanimously, the grand citizen.

Prospero: Whom didst thou say is the grand citizen?

Gonzalo: Why, it is Caliban, your brute, whom you have kept here near you at Milan, and who intoxicated himself on your wine, without rendering you one single other service.

Prospero (*like one awakening from a dream*): Caliban! Ah! I cannot believe that human beings are such base things. I understand, Caliban succeeds me. (*He bursts into laughter*). O, Dukes of Milan, my noble ancestors, the farce is ended. We will see, however.

(*He goes out.*)

Scene II.

Prospero, *Ariel.*

(*In Prospero's cabinet. Prospero dressed in his magic robe.*)

Prospero: The time has come, my dear Ariel, to

demonstrate what we know and can do. This is our last fight; then will come repose and definite triumph. What I have accomplished heretofore, is nothing compared with what I wish to do now. The researches that I have begun upon the science called *euthanasie* will place man beyond that most grievous servitude—the fear of death. Man will never be immortal, but to end a life is nothing, when one is sure, that the work to which one has earnestly devoted one's energies will be continued. That which is hideous is the suffering, the baseness, the feeble succession, the cowardice which disputes to the death at the end of the light when one has been a torch amongst others. I will find means, however, to make death accompanied by delight.

But we must rid ourselves of this Caliban. Caliban reigns in my stead at Milan. Go, stamp out that piece of infamy by assembling all our spirits again. What thou didst against Alonzo was much more difficult. To disperse the first fleet of the world or to put to flight a pack of howling dogs—how can those two things be compared? But depart.

Ariel: I go, my master. With the spirits which you have in your control I hope soon to have the best of those miserable rebels.

Prospero: Depart, spirits, and maintain my superiority over an imbecile people. Crush out the brute who abuses, I will not say my goodness, but my forgetfulness. Miscreant! he has always insulted me! Such horrible ingratitude! Son of the devil and the most hateful sorceress, whom I found an animal, with no semblance to man. I made him a partaker of language and reason and in return I never drew from him one

good word. To-day it is he who incites my subjects against me. Leave! reduce him, the infamous!

Remember the tempest.

(*A distinct sound of trumpets in the air.*)

Scene III.

Prospero, Gonzalo.

(*In Prospero's chamber.*)

Prospero: Ah, well, Gonzalo, to-day I am going for the third time to be Duke of Milan.

Gonzalo: My lord, I have never said that to your highness. I am full of fear and I cannot possibly tell the reason of it. I know that each man advances to his great hour of success, and that each remedy heals for a certain time. Nothing ever occurs twice in succession in just the same way. Things which succeed at the commencement, when the disorder of the first creation prevails, totally miscarry when one brings the means best adapted to them. It is true, your spirits had power against the princes, but perhaps they will not avail against the people. Indeed, it is difficult to triumph over the people.

Prospero: You do not recognize, then, the superiority of my forces. My vapors, gases, and spirits, my powders also, will assure to me, or to the inheritors of my secrets, the entire domination over an unarmed multitude led by a miserable brute.

Gonzalo: Not so much as you judge. The people will manufacture your powders, and employ them in self defence. Besides, many of the rebels have been our soldiers, and understand the management of arms.

Prospero: I will invent engines which they cannot possibly make for themselves.

Gonzalo: Success to the day! but you have not yet constructed those engines, my lord.

Prospero: Whence, then, is drawn the principal of a power which sustains the rights of reason over the people?

Gonzalo: Your power lies in the fact that you are more intelligent than they. Unhappily the people can establish nothing, and in time your throne will return either to you or to your inheritors. (*After a moment's silence.*) There is also a deception which is the outcome of power.

Prospero: I need some time to accustom myself to that idea. It will take several generations still for me and my equals to become charlatans.

Gonzalo: Let nothing hasten it, my lord.

Scene IV.

Prospero, Orlando, Ercole, Lionardo, Ariel, Bonaccorso, Bevilacqua, Simplicon, Angiolino, Jacomino, a Valet.

(*In the cloister reserved to Prospero. The people who have come from Milan are gathered there talking of recent events.*)

Orlando: We predicted this business, but foresight is of no earthly use in politics.

Ercole: The duke should appeal to his nobles, and not abdicate.

Lionardo: I would like well to know what his nobles could do for him.

Orlando: It is impossible to practice, with Caliban as leader.

Lionardo: Ah! watch well those protectors who bring ruin to the princes by exasperating the people, then say, "Salvation lies in us alone." By what right do you speak thus, narrow spirits, who in a revolution count only the broken squares, and refuse the help of allies because they do not have hands as white as your own? In critical times one must combine most opposite kinds of men. I have always thought that amongst the ten thousand Greeks led by Xenophon there must have been nine thousand fools. But who knows how much good will date from Caliban's government?

(*Prospero enters.*)

Prospero (*with a calm and smiling air*): I thank you, gentlemen, for having come to witness, in spite of appearances, that you make fidelity an honor, and that I am still your sovereign. I hope to return it in kind, and draw you together once more to a fete at Milan. Afterward I will yield my place to another, for I am old, and my sole occupation henceforth shall be to furnish my mind with the objects which will fill it during all eternity.

(*A raucous sound, such as comes from a harp with several broken strings, or a violin patched up with twine, is heard in the air. Ariel falls in the yard of the cloister heavy as a bird which has crossed the sea. Little by little he becomes visible, and is seen to be dejected, disordered, and blackened with powder.*)

Ariel: O my master, our art is vanquished. It is impossible to prevail against the people. There is surely something mysterious and profound in them, for all our phantasmagoria is deranged. With them there

is wonderful strength, for the spirits which were so terrible against Alonzo's fleet could do nothing against the people. In vain I rode upon the clouds, I flamed hither and thither, striving to stir up the fires latent in all things, but nothing responded. Imagine to yourself the clocks of a belfry suddenly changed to lead while in the midst of a beautiful chime. And from the start my music seemed to have lost its old power. I sang, but no one heard me. I filled all the functions of an obedient spirit with the plenitude of thy power, but I felt myself in a great void. That void, my lord, was in the very thick of the fight. Then we had to change our tactics, but where Caliban could do everything we could do nothing. Our arms had no more power. It was as useless to play my lyre to those obdurate senses as to speak Latin to a stone.

Prospero: What thou sayest is so marvellous that the knowledge is worth a lost throne.

Ariel: This is my explanation. Whence did it come that our magic prevailed so easily over our adversaries in the enchanted island? It lay in the fact that Alonzo and those minds who were so accessible to it perceived and believed in it. When Alonzo saw the tempest he heard the waves speaking, the winds groaning, the storm howling, and the thunder, that profound and terrible force, reproaching him in its deep tones with the crime he had committed against you. The people do not admit anything of all that, and the winds and tempests can roar altogether, without producing any effect. Our magic is of no more use. The revolution is a realism, and all that is evident to the finer senses; all that is ideal and unsubstantial, does not exist for the people. They admit only the real. When it is

said, "The ideal does not exist," all is finished. I tremble for the time when that terrible fashion of reasoning will touch God. They will ask Him to manifest Himself, and then, if the Eternal stands upon His dignity and remains behind the clouds, they will strike Him from the catalogue of entities. As for the rights of kings and dukes, I do not know what is going to become of them. The people are positive and self-assertive. If one must have faith in our terrors to be susceptible to them, then what can be done with the people when they have become so terribly realistic and positive?

Prospero: Then the imaginative must be made real. Our spirits must be transformed into powder and gas. Is it not so, Lionardo?

Lionardo: Yes, my master.

Simplicon (*to himself*): An entire and compulsory system of education would remedy it all.

Bevilacqua: But, my lord, the supreme need of the present time is our self-defence.

Orlando: One should arouse oneself to protect the rights of noble and beautiful creatures. There is Imperia, for example, whose legitimate social condition is one which lays pearls, diamonds and gold at her feet, since only those precious substances have no other use than to be her adornment. What will that beauty enjoy of all those privileges under the reign of Caliban?

Prospero: Leave Imperia to care for herself. As for you, gentlemen, defend yourselves. The superiority of man over man is ended while waiting a fresh accession of its power. Our old prestige is dead. My science, or in other words, my power, no longer controls the people. Let each seek first his own welfare. In

time it will all change, but just now our means of domination are shattered in our hands, and we must set ourselves steadfastly to the invention of others which the populace cannot apply.

(*Bonaccorso and several good and true men arrive from Milan*).

Bonaccorso: Our reverence to your highness. We have never wished you other than good, and thus we do still to-day, but it is wise to cede your dukedom. The new government appears well intentioned and Caliban is already the head of a moderate party.

Prospero: I will yield everything except the right to laugh.

Bonaccorso: Oh! beware, my lord! Of all the human things fallen to the common people, that of ridicule superabounds very eminently, and, besides, laughter is no proof in an argument. In democratic times, too, it is a reasoning which has entirely lost all its cutting edge.

Prospero: I have great difficulty in listening to you while you speak of the capacity and moderation of Caliban.

Bonaccorso: Great heavens! all is relative. Men are valued by their situation, not by themselves. Caliban is the man of this situation, and has saved us. Should we hazard any resistance, it would only end in exasperating him beyond mercy.

Prospero: Ah! very well; be thou saved, then.

Orlando and Ercole: Resist him with us, my lord.

(*Angiolino, Jacomino and Jacinto approach him*).

Angiolino: My lord, will you listen to your humble servants? Give it up. Why sacrifice yourself for those imbeciles who, after all, save in appearance, are

not one whit better than Caliban? Go, my lord, we know them.

Jacomino: Yes, we do know them well. Not one solitary soul among them would wish to nourish me for the delight that I could have given him through my art. I only ask sustenance and a lodging, and would be content with any kind of a shelter.

Angiolino: Those people only live through us. Neither thought nor feeling would bless their being if we had not first led them into it. We can make the infinite for them, we represent and sell to them the ideal, and then they throw us two sous with a mighty air of condescending superiority. Without us they would know neither joy nor diversion, and after teaching them what life means, and how to live it, they coolly despise us. Caliban has done no different. Oh! yes, my lord! he is eminently worthy of a Castiglione or a del Dongo.

Bonaccorso: I maintain that Caliban has talent after its kind.

Prospero: I will exercise my liberty of laughing immoderately when I hear you speak so seriously of that drunkard.

Bonaccorso: Drunkard he is, my lord, but that does not define a man. A man never succeeds unless he has some power or fitness to warrant it. Any cause whatever is easily belittled, if from no other reason than its success alone.

Prospero: Let us proceed! You have extolled the capacity, moderation and talent of Caliban. Very soon you will tell me of his wonderful generosity.

Bonaccorso: It is just that point upon which I desire to speak. Your Highness must choose between exile

and a peaceful sojourn in the monastery where preparation is made for eternity. The people are already disarmed by their victory, and among them all Your Highness has no personal enemies.

Prospero: Ah! pardon me, but I have Caliban, the creature who owes me everything. When I first took him into my service I taught him the language created by God, and he has only used it as a means to outrage me. The Aryan tongue is only an instrument of fraud and false principles for him. He hated my books because he knew that they were the secret of my superiority, and he even went so far as to show my enemies the best way to kill me. Enlightened, little by little, through living in my house, he at last came to the power of thought and reflection, but all his thought was employed to plan my ruin. He has practiced all religious ceremonies as an ape would imitate his superiors, but at heart he has always remained a worshipper of Setebos. Offal! he was only sensible to blows, and what fatigues I have given myself just to make something better out of his filthy nature and to set the light of reason in his heavy sensualism. He knows no other will of mine than that. Oh! what a mistake it was to educate a brute who would turn my very instruction into a weapon against me.

Gonzalo: Caliban is a fair illustration of the lower classes. All civilization springs from the aristocrats, and when the people become educated and civilized they turn, in almost every case, against their superiors. When you look too closely at all details of progress in nature you hazard seeing some wicked things.

Bonaccorso: One is never right in saying, "That creature has been base, therefore he must always be

equally low;" for absolute judgments are false, whether they are passed upon Caliban or matters in general. Caliban is vain, but who knows whether that vanity may not become a virtue? His triumph, which has passed all hope, must have quite satisfied his ambition, and, although he was mean, hateful and jealous when humble, now, that he is master, he may prove most generous. He will forget his hatred of your books, since they have no further power over him, nor will he dream of destroying what is now no longer used as instruments of torture in his master's hands.

Prospero (*remains thoughtful and silent for some time*): I will confess that the continuation of my researches upon euthanasie draws me most powerfully.

(*The door opens.*)

A valet: My lord, one of those white and black monks who burn the heretics is coming to speak with Your Highness.

Scene V.

(*The same.*) *Fr. Augustin of Ferrara.*

Fr. Augustin of Ferrara (*enters, carrying a roll of parchment. The others step aside while he seats himself before Prospero and reads*): The most holy inquisition, formed by special delegation of the apostolic Holy See, for preserving the integrity of faith and the pursuit of perverse heretics, informed of the errors which thou professest, insinuatest and wickedly sowest against God, the creation, the incarnation, the resurrection of the flesh, and other dogmas fundamental to the Christian belief, summons and commands thee to its tribunal, from which you have heretofore perfidiously

escaped only through the temporal power, or rather tyranny, which God in His wisdom has seen fit to take away from thee. Thy sins are the very gravest that a Christian can commit, as errors of physics and metaphysics, of morals and faith, are almost the same as infidelity. In fact, thou hast distilled, by the most various ways and with a perfidy only equalled by the father of all lies himself, the idea that man can, through Nature, achieve that which will make him a participant in creative power, thus making what has been created equal to the Creator. Now, it is written, "God has created the heavens and the earth." God alone, do you understand? God, consequently, will permit no one either to retouch His work or to perfect it. Thou hast, therefore, spoken and taught most wickedly in pretending to change the nature of the body, which is fixed and limited by God in the measure and quantity according to His will. If He had seen fit to make the body of more or other mixtures, it had been done. Whence it follows, if thy damnable theory of the composition and decomposition of the body were true, man would become God and could repeat the crime of Satan, who wished to make himself equal to God.

That which proves beyond all else that each body has a distinct character which cannot be changed, is the dogma of resurrection, for if it were decomposed, as thou assertest, no man would have an individual body to himself; indeed, he would have several of them in the course of his life, and that which he last had would disappear entirely at his death. If that were true, the body of our Lord Jesus Christ would not be in the heavens at the right hand of His Father,

since it would be gradually dispersed throughout nature, and the particles of the body, conceived in the heart of the Virgin Mary by the operation of the Holy Spirit, and to which divinity is joined, would be borne about in all the water, the wood, the air, the waves and the oceans of our earth.

I overlook what thou hast declared, after many worthy witnesses of the faith whom thy impiety hast caused to revolt against us, that man can and should die without grief or pain—a statement absolutely contrary to the sentence pronounced by God that all men should suffer. Now, if he did not suffer, then, in effect, there would be no sin which would completely destroy the essential dogmas of hell, purgatory and original sin. But, as thou hast maintained this error less obstinately than the others, the most holy inquisition can well set it aside, to pursue the chief, requiring thee, amongst many others, to follow me and be made a prisoner in the prisons of the Holy Office, that thou mayst there be most rigorously examined.

Prospero (*after a moment of general silence*): This most clearly shows me that I am vanquished!

Bonaccorso: Prince, the people have defeated you as a ruler, but they made you at the same time a free man. This monk will not be allowed to do you harm. (*He turns toward the monk.*) All that you have said, monk, is null and void. It will never happen, for the new Republic of Milan forbids your infamous tribunal. Your like burned our mothers and grandmothers. As sons of the heretics, we hate and defy you. Dare to go to Milan if you wish to swell the number of those whom you call martyred saints. Down with the inquisition!

All the Milanese (*together*): Down with the inquisition!

Gonzalo: Ah, well! my lord, you see Caliban has yet another merit—he is anticlerical.

Prospero: That is true. (*After a moment's hesitation.*) In exile I shall find the monk everywhere. My faith! long live Caliban!

Act V.—Scene I.

Caliban, The Legate, Gonzalo, The Prior of the Monastery, Zitella, Plebeians.

(*In the church of the monastery at Pavia. A great multitude. Far away the sound of trumpets.*)

A Plebeian: What is all this hubbub for?

Another Plebeian: Oh! it is the new duke of Milan, the protector of this abbey, who comes to visit and to celebrate in it the joyful event of his coming into power.

First Plebeian: It was thus they celebrated the ancient and legitimate dukes, but this one!—how can the church rejoice at sight of him who it was announced would not resemble any of the others?

Second Plebeian: Let us go, then! What difference does that make?

First Plebian: We believe that the world changes, but it is always the same thing.

Second Plebeian: Ah! yes.

(*The cortege enters. The sound of trumpets bursts out under the arches. The train advances towards the choir. Caliban is seated upon a chair, over which is written* SEDES DUCIS. *The trumpets cease, while the organ bursts forth like a tempest. Caliban receives the homage of the assembly. The organ alone beseeches.*)

Organ chant: O Eternal, Thou who hast neither sorrow, nor trouble, nor anger, nor consolation; a Being pure and holy, crystalline light which passes without stain through the world of flesh, and helpest base mortality to the life everlasting, we praise Thee

with all our breath, we proclaim Thee just, perfect, and good. All those who believe, all those who hope, all those who love, are the souls which will never be deceived.

The appearances of the world are vain. Thou hatest the wicked and that is his chastisement. Thou seest the tears of Thy servants, Thou countest them, and that suffices; for there is nothing real save the joy which Thou hast in those things. In Thy vast heart, O depth divine, all is embraced and harmonized. Thou art harmony, joy, peace, reason and bliss during all eternity. Happy those who sing Thy praises throughout an infinite length of days.

The Pope's Legate (*approaches Caliban*): The common father of all the faithful, paternally compliments Your Highness. Your Highness surely knows that the Holy Roman Church, always tried during its life militant and exposed to the assaults of hell, suffers greatly at this moment from the most perverse efforts which the Saracens of Lucera are making, to hinder the peaceful singing of the hymns of the Lord. The divine spouse of Christ is at your knees and asks the assistance of your most glorious sword. The first duty of Princes is to defend the apostolic Holy See against the abominable rage of its enemies.

Caliban: Yes, the Pope is prince, and I am his natural protector.

The Legate: And in your states, there are most obstinate enemies of God, who, with a frightful degree of audacity, blaspheme continually against Him by Whose pleasure all princes reign.

(*The organ ceases. The choir intones the chant,* "*Te Deum Laudamus te Dominum confitemur.*")

The first duty of those who command is to avenge the honor of the One by whom they do command.

Caliban: Yes, I hope that God will be good to me after all I shall do for Him.

The Legate: Amongst the most wicked and daring of those miscreants is one, far more culpable than the others, and whose chastisement would be a great joy to your God, to His angels, and all the saints of the church militant and triumphant. That one is Prospero, who is also the enemy to Your Highness. He is a dangerous man, inasmuch as he is an adversary of established order. Permit us to put him in the prison of the inquisition, where he will be able to work no more mischief. God will perhaps secure the salvation of his soul through the affliction of his body.

Caliban: Ah! no. Cease there! Do not recall to me those memories. That which once was is now no more. I am the inheritor of his rights and I should defend him. No; Prospero is my protégé, and he shall work at his ease along with all the philosophers and artists under my patronage. Their work shall be the glory of my reign and I will have my share of it, for I will make them the instruments of my will. That is the law of the world.

(*He perceives Gonzalo*).

(*To himself.*) I cannot govern unless I call around me those who know the laws of government. (*He turns to Gonzalo.*) My Lord Gonzalo, salutation, I appoint you a member of my state council.

The Choir: Te prophetarum laudabilis numerus.

Gonzalo: My lord, I have counselled all my life, and, nothing more fit, I will die in the office of counsellor. I thank Your Highness. (*Aside.*) That devil

of a man completely baffles me. But this sort of thing can, however, run a long time before becoming insupportable.

The Choir: Te martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus.

Trinculo (*hidden in a corner*): All the world makes room for itself. Heavens! what an idiot I have been to make such blunders! There is Caliban, whom I have ridiculed hopelessly, now become the all-powerful. Henceforth I will ridicule nobody, as one never knows what is going to happen in the near future. We will leave at once. My occupation has this good about it, that native and genuine talent is always successful. I will find service elsewhere.

Zitella: Ah! I am going to dance gloriously under the rule of that delightful Caliban!

The Choir: Judex crederis esse venturus.

(*Reflections of the Prior of the Monastery as he sits in a stall, reciting his breviary*): The world, which I have done well to quit forever, is an eternal illusion, a comedy composed of acts without end. That which has come to pass proves what I have maintained against all contrary belief, and that is, that Caliban is capable of making progress. Yes; all civilization is the work of aristocrats. They have created a grammatical language (how many blows it took to make grammar obligatory!), laws, morals and reason. It is they who discipline the inferior races, either restraining them by the severest treatment or terrorizing them by superstitious beliefs. The inferior races, however, such as the emancipated negro, evidence at once a monstrous ingratitude towards their civilizers. When they succeed in throwing off the yoke of slavery they treat

them as tyrants, impostors and exploiters of mankind.

The narrow conservatives of the aristocrats dream of again seizing the power which has escaped them, while the more liberal accept the new *régime* without reserving any other right than that of making harmless pleasantries upon the situation. At bottom, eternal justice makes itself manifest by apparently the most opposite means. The budget of Caliban will positively prove better for people of spirit than that of Mecaenas. Well washed and combed, Caliban will be quite presentable. He will possibly have struck, some future day, these medals: "To Caliban, protector of sciences, arts and letters." Prospero can live, some time at least, under such a rule, and he has the same chance of again seizing the direction of the dukedom. But he must be wise and prudent, for a democracy is jealous and suspicious minded. However, in being modest and concealing your plans you can succeed in whatever you will. As for the tender and loyal hearted, whose extreme delicacy of sentiment and personal fidelity make them dumb and helpless, there is no longer any place for them in the present conditions of the world. Death alone is their only hope and refuge.

A grand old pope said, "I have loved justice and hated iniquity." Now one can always love justice, but to hate iniquity is far more easily said than done. And where is iniquity? The best and wisest souls have searched strenuously to find it, but are deeply embarrassed in attempting its definition.

(*The cortege withdraws to the sound of trumpets*).

Scene II.

(*In Prospero's cabinet.*)

Prospero, Ariel, Gonzalo.

Gonzalo (*entering*): The ceremony is completed. Your Highness has done well to yield upon the matters for which you have the least regard, and in order to save the essential points have wisely flung from you a little temporal power. I do not see Ariel, who has so obstinately refused to return to his native skies, here with Your Highness now.

(*A sort of dying melody is heard very like a distant noise growing fainter and fainter. One distinguishes these words in the melody: "Prius mori quam foedari," spoken by a woman's voice, in a sweet, touching tone. It is Ariel, who is vanishing.*)

Prospero: Ariel, my dear Ariel, come back to me. In a short space thou wilt be free, and the liberty I have promised thee so many times will be thy possession forever.

Ariel: It is my death thou art saying, my master. *Prius mori quam foedari.* It is not in my nature to conceive good in two different masters. Already the air has summoned from me that which it claims, and the light ether which unites with it is striving to escape and mingle itself chastely with the absolute cold of space. The old elements will lose themselves in the long tresses of the seaweed which mirror themselves upon the shining sides of the sable zebra as he stands silent by the waves. Sometimes in infinite space, sometimes at the summits of the mountains, sometimes at the bottom of wide, lonely bays, flying now like light, resting again like the brooding power of the uni-

verse, I shall be the intermittent spirit of nature. I shall be the azure of the sea, the life of the plant, the perfume of the flower, the snowy blue of the glacier. It will be my sorrow to mingle no more in the life of man; but, although strong and vigorous, it is very wicked, and I must have purer caresses than those it gives. All idealism shall be my love, and each pure heart shall be my sister. I shall be the virgin purity of the young girl's heart, and the blond of her golden hair. I shall flourish with the rose, I shall be green with the myrtle, odorous with the violet, pale with the olive. Farewell, my master, farewell. Think thou at times of thy little Ariel.

(*Ariel disappears, exhaling a pure, fine harmony, and Prospero falls dead.*)

[THE END.]